

Act 5.

CORIOLANUS.

Scene 3.



Burney del.^t

Thornthwaite sculp.^t

M^{rs} YATES in the Character of VOLUMNIA.

*So we will home to Rome,
and die among our Neighbours.*

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Aug^t 22^d 1786.

Bell's Edition.

CORIOLANUS,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

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JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

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M DCC LXXXVI.

35.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

C O R I O L A N U S.

THE whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus *Plutarch*. POPE.

Of this play there is no edition before that of the players, folio, in 1623. JOHNSON.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness of Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*
Conspirators with Aufidius.

WOMEN.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories
of the Volscians and Antiates.*



C O R I O L A N U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are resolv'd rather to die, than to furnish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict? 10

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

A iij

2 Cin

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patri-
cians, good: What authority surfeits on, would re-
lieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity,
while it were wholesome, we might guess, they re-
lieved us humanely: but they think, we are too
dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our
misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abun-
dance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us re-
venge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:
for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread,
not in thirst for revenge. 24

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius
Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the com-
monalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for
his country? 30

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him
good report for't, but that he pays himself with being
proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously,
he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men
can be content to say, it was not for his country, he
did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud;
which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 39

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you ac-
count a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is
covetous.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o'the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ; who comes here ?

49

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough ; Would all the rest were so !

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand ?
Where go you

With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate ; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths ; they shall know we have strong arms too. 60

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves ?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state ; whose course will on

The

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
 Of more strong link asunder, than can ever 70
 Appear in your impediment : For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you ; and you slander
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us !—True, indeed !—They ne'er
 car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
 houses cramm'd with grain ; make edicts for usury,
 to support usurers : repeal daily any wholesome act
 established against the rich ; and provide more pier-
 cing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor.
 If the wars eat us not up, they will ; and there's all
 the love they bear us. 85

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale ; it may be, you have heard it ;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale't a little more. 91

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir ; yet you must not
 think to fob off our disgrace with a tale : but, an't
 please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mem-
 bers
 Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—
 That only like a gulph it did remain

I' the

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-
ments

100

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd

109

To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—

120

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what
then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,

What

What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you ;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. You are long about it.

130

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd :
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o'the brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark
me—*

2 Cit. Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each ;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?*

150

2 Cit. It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : For examine

Their

Their counsels, and their cares; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,

No public benefit, which you receive,

But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,

And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly?— 160

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost;

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run

Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, 170

Make yourselves scabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,

Than

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, 180
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
 ness,

Deserves your hate : and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust
 ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the mat-
 ter, 190

That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another ? — What's their seeking ?

Men. For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they
 say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em ! They say ?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the Capitol : who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines : side factions, and
 give out 200

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
 And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,

Below



Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pike my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop? 211

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
eat;—

That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale), they threw their
caps 220

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,

B

Sicinius

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death !
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing. 230

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to
 vent

Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with other
 Senators ; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VE-
 LUTUS.*

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
 told us ;

The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, 240
 Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
 I sin in envying his nobility :
 And were I any thing but what I am,
 I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
 and he

Upon

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

250

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

260

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :—
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you.
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius !

1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes, be gone !

[To the Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volsces have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers, 270
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.—

[Exeunt.

Citizens steal away. Manent SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant. 280

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims—
In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform 290
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Bru. Come :

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, 300
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Senate-House in Corioli. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
with Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not your's ? 310
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think,
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is :

They have press'd a power, but it is not known

[*Reading.*]

*Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;
The people mutinous ; and it is rumour'd,*

B i i j

Cominius,

*Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent : most likely, 'tis for you :
Consider of it.* 320

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field :
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves ; which in the
hatching, 330
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands ;
Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us. 340

Auf. O, doubt not that ;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chauce to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

350

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

CAIUS MARCIUS' House in Rome. Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA : They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort : If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak : I tell thee, daughter—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

370

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam ? how then ?

Vol.

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

379

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
O'er all, or lose his hire.

390

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,

Than look upon his school-master. 410

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods. 420

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience : I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably : Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither. 433

Vol. Why, I pray you ?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope : yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 441

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me ; Indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam ! 449

Val. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is :—The Volsces have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power : your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. 461

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli. Enter MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, with Drum and Colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to your's, no. 470

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

480

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a Parley. Enter Senators, with others, on
the Walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drum afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes:

490

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Alarum far off.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,
ho!

Enter the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,
brave Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows ;

500

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum ; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.*

Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you ! Herds of boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er : that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat ? Pluto and hell !
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge
home,

511

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on ;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum, and MARCIUS follows them to the
Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good se-
conds :

C

'Tis

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates.*]

1 *Sol.* Foolhardiness ; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

520

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates ; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword, 530
And, when it bows, stands up ! Thou art left, Mar-
cius :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish : not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:

540

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

SCENE V.

Within the Town. Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To
him:—

550

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,

C i j

Piercing

Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent for
 A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
 My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.
 The blood I drop is rather physical 561
 Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
 Than those she places highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— 570
 Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
 Call thither all the officers of the town,
 Where they shall know our mind : Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*The Roman Camp. Enter COMINIUS retreating, with
 Soldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we
 are come off

Like

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own; 580
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount-
ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their
drums: 590

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were fled? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus. 600

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done, 610
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave, 620
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague ! Tribunes for them !)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not
think—

Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so ? 631

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on what
side

They have plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, 640
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :
And that you not delay the present ; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 650
Deny

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli. TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : Keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those sentries to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding : if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town. 680

Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

The Field of Battle. Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike ;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy : Fix thy foot.

Mar.

I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—

711

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparisons!
Had'st thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.

I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

719

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

731

Mar.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general. 790

Com. Take it: 'tis your's.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus. 800

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volsces. A Flourish. Cornets. Enter
TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

810

I would,

Auf. I am attended at the cypress-grove :
 I pray you 840
 ('Tis south the city mills), bring me word thither
 How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.
Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. Enter MENENIUS, with SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Menenius.

THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 10

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baâs like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic.

son the whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him. 140

Men. Wondrous ! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

Vol. True ! pow, wow.

Men. True ! I'll be sworn they are true :—Where is he wounded ? — God save your good worships !
[*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home : he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded ?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm : There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body. 152

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh ;—There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven : every gash was an enemy's grave : Hark, the trumpets !

[*A Shout, and Flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears ; 160
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy army doth lie ;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet.

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn : — O welcome home !

And welcome, general !—And you are welcome all !

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,

And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy. Wel-
come : 190

A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three,
That Rome should doat on : yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors ;
We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on. 200

Cor. Your hand, and your's :

[*To his Wife, and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy :
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But

and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 316

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the people ; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way—they are coming. 329

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them ; CORIOLANUS, MENE- NIUS, COMINIUS the Consul : SICINIUS and BRU- TUS, as Tribunes, take their Places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country : Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd

By

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

370

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not ?

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your
people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit *COR.*

Men. Masters o' the people, 381
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now
see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, *Comi-*
nus.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world 390
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom

north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly? 503

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife. 512

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him. 526

All. Content, content.

Men.

that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul. 587

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear, 600
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To meet anon, upon your approbation.

630

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt COR. and MEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,

640

'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your
loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech—he did not mock
us.

650

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street. Cornets. Enter CORIO LANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators.

Coriolanus.

TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first ; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

10

Lart. On safeguard he came to me ; and did curse Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How ? what ?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword : That, of all things upon the earth, he hated Your person most : that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

20

Cor. At Antium lives he ?

Lart.

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule, 50

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them! 60

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better your's.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit; 70
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind

110

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;

G

And

That's sure of death without it—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick 189
The sweet which is their poison : Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despight o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails 200
To the greater bench : In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho !—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people : [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator, 210
A foe to the publick weal : Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

250

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

260

All. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

271

[CORIOLANUS draws his Sword.

Cor.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and your's, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ; 350
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude 360
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country :
And, what is left, to lose it by his country, 371
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry : When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot

Being

Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow !

Sic. For that he has

700

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power ; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it ; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city ;
In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

710

To enter our Rome gates : I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender, 720
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins : then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift : Speak what ?

Bru.

A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full 50
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch : when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.— 60
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Street. Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with an
ÆDILE.*

Sic. Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided

In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

70

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit *ÆDILE*.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :

Keep on your way.

80

Val. O, you're well met : The hoarded plague
o' the gods

Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear ;—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?

[To *BRUTUS*.]

Vir. [To *SICIN*.] You shall stay too : I would, I
had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol.

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship 90
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet
go;—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

100

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, 110
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome ; so far, my son
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you. 120

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me ?

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself, 130
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go :
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Between Rome and Antium. Enter a Roman, and a
Volsce.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me :
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

140

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

149

Vol. Hath been? Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd!

160

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she is fallen out with her husband. Your noble

SCENE V.

A Hall in Aufidius's House. Musick plays. Enter a Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Serving-Man.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus ? my master calls for him.
Cotus ! [Exit.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I
Appear not like a guest. 221

Re-enter the first Serving-Man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence
are you ? Here's no place for you : Pray, go to the
door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions ? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away !

230

2 *Serv.* Away ? Get you away.

Cor.

Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand : Most
welcome ! [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration ! 370

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turn'd me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him : He had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought—I cannot tell how to term it. 379

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking, as it were—'Would I
were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who ? my master ?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be
the greater soldier. 391

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that : for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

1 *Serv.*

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them. 560

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—

Men. What's the news ; what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news ?—— 570

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your
news ?

If Marcius should be joined with the Volsces——

Com. If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,

Or

Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work, 580
You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters !

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work !

Bru. But is this true, sir ?

Com. Ay ; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist, 590
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate, 601
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true :
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair
hands,
You, and your crafts ! you have crafted fair !

Com.

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help. 610

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How ! Was it we ? We lov'd him ; but, like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer :—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them. 620

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters !—
And is Aufidius with him ?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip ; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter ;
If he could burn us all into one coal, 630
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

L

2 Cit.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices! 640

Men. You have made you
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exit COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd; These are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him. 651

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small Distance from Rome. Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, 660
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended. 670

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir
(I mean, for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, 680
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :
The senators, and patricians, love him too :
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people 690
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honour even : whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature, 700
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war : but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd : But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time :

And

And power, unto itself most commendable, 710
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Right's by right fouler, strengths by strength do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A publick Place in Rome. Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
 SICINIUS, and BRUTUS, with others.*

Menenius.

No, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
 But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops 11
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap : A noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected : He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome : and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him :
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,
He sent in writing after me ; what he would not, So
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :
So that all hope is vain ;
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Volscian Camp. Enter MENENIUS to the Watch, or
Guard.*

1 *Watch.* Stay : Whence are you ?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *Watch.* From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return : our
general

Will

Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake, 180

[*Gives him a Letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome : yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and MENENIUS.

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power :
You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent for keep-
ing your greatness back ?

2 *Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to
swoon? 191

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your gene-
ral : for such things as you, I can scarce think there's
any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by
himself, fears it not from another. Let your general
do his worst. For you, be that you are, long ; and
your misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as
I was said to, Away ! [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him. 199

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general : He is
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which
should 310

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray, 319

Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets ; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed 329
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till

M i i j

These

But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship, 390
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
This fellow had a Volsce unto his mother ;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !——

[Holds her by the Hands, silent.

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene 400
They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
You have won a happy victory to Rome :
But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal. 410

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you : and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour

At

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings :
next,

Accept my thankfulness. 491

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great
thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the
Stage, &c. &c.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before
them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother : 500
Cry—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A publick Place in Antium. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, 540
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory— 551

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts
of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise. 560

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Coriolanus

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